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The Need of the Month — Palestine

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. . . .

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

—*Psalm* 122:1, 2, 6, 7.

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AMERICAN-EUROPEAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

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NOVEMBER - DECEMBER
1947

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Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang, and its angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth Thou didst come to earth,
And in greatest humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Foxes found their rest, and the birds their nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory;
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
My heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

—Emily E. S. Elliott (1864).

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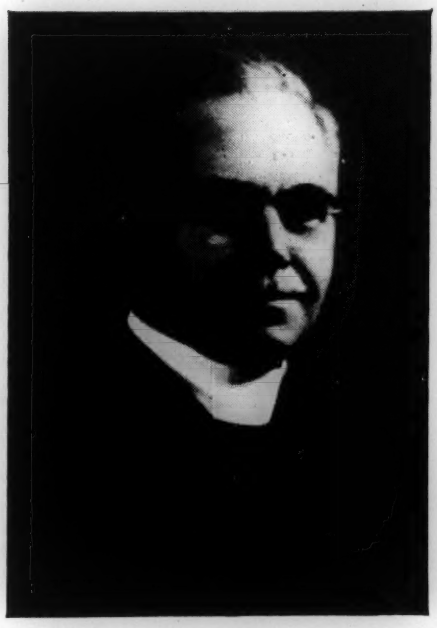
The Unclaimed Christmas Gift



DR. GEORGE ALBERT SIMONS

A Yuletide Meditation
by the Rev. George Albert Simons, A.M., D.D.

For obvious reasons, in the mind of the average person who considers himself a Christian, the celebration of the Saviour's Nativity is looked upon as a most appropriate season to indulge in the beneficent bestowal of gifts, remembering that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that God loveth a cheerful giver. No doubt there are those who abhor the idea of a thoroughly commercialized Christmas observance, having a scheme of well-balanced reciprocity as its basis. Frankly, that is where the headache and heartache of a good deal of the exchange of presents at Christmas-tide originate. The plus-and-minus idea of Christmas giving is verily most unworthy of every true follower of the Christ who became poor that we might become rich.

Recognizing God as the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and then repeating John 3:16 in a personalized way—"God so loved *me*, that He gave His only begotten Son, that if *I* believed on Him *I* should not perish, but have everlasting life"—I definitely acknowledge the Divine intent of becoming the happy recipient of God's supreme gift of redeeming love. There is a certain kind of reciprocity involved in this spiritual experience, namely, the giving of one's old sinful heart in exchange for a new and pure one, so one can honestly testify that the love of God has been shed abroad in one's heart through the Holy Spirit, being fully persuaded that if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature, the old things having passed away, and behold, they are become new! Down through the ages, millions of believers have experienced this thrilling miracle of grace.

Among the hundreds of millions of people who bear the name of Christian, constituting so-called "Christendom," it is safe to say that only a small fraction really know from personal experience what it means to have been saved and born from above. Among the millions of nominal Christians, scattered all over the world, there is a very great need of spreading the blessed Gospel of a free, full and present salvation, through faith in a Divine Saviour who saves to the uttermost.

While God's supreme gift of redeeming love was meant for all the world, surely those who are called Christians, having been baptized in the name of the Triune God and in many cases confirmed, should give due consideration to a Christmas gift to which they are especially entitled, but which, alas, they have failed to claim as their own. Millions of such nominal, unsaved Christians will soon be celebrating Christmas again in a traditional and superficial way, without knowing Jesus Christ as a personal, divine Saviour. What an unspeakable tragedy confronts the Church of the Living God, as the Bride of Christ, when she still witnesses pagan elements in religious bodies that make up a very predominant part of so-called Christendom! Another cleansing Reformation is long overdue, and may God hasten its coming!

Angelus Silesius, three centuries ago, in one of his lovely Christmas hymns, expressed a thought-provoking sentiment:

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee
Thy soul is all forlorn.

God grant that thousands of unsaved souls all over the world, this Christmastide, may appropriate unto themselves their hitherto unclaimed Christmas gift, saying: "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

The Need of the Month—Palestine

Is there any country, not excepting even Russia, France or Italy, more in the eyes of the world today than the Holy Land? The mission field to be featured in this issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD was chosen, as always, far in advance. Since then, the headlines have overflowed. The projected partition of Palestine, with the formation of Jewish and Arab states, has been the subject of heated discussion throughout the world, and has led to much bloodshed on the soil of that land itself.

But it is not only for this reason that the choice of Palestine for study in this number has proved to be such a timely one. The Holy Land is in the minds of men today; it must also be in the mind of God. God's hour has struck for Palestine. And at this Christmas season we turn our thoughts to the time-worn and battle-scarred soil where once the Master walked, and to the humble town where, centuries ago, a Child was laid in a manger.

Finally, we have a more personal reason for honoring the work in Palestine. Ten years ago, in this very month of December, 1937, our missionary, Dr. James Yuk, opened the clinic of the American-European Fellowship in Tel Aviv. Our readers will join with him and with us in praising God for what has been accomplished there. On this anniversary, marking an important milestone in his Palestinian ministry, we tender him our Christian congratulations and assure him of our earnest prayers.

A quiet, modest man of science, Dr. Yuk has not found it easy to write of himself and of his work. "God is everything," he says. "The workers are nothing." Reading between the lines of his letters, we catch the measure of his toil and his sacrifice. Writing first in English, later in Russian, but always with scrupulous exactness, he unfolds his story.

In a letter written last September, he said: "You will doubtless be surprised to see by the postage-stamps that this letter comes not from Palestine, but from Czechoslovakia. As I have written you previously, this year, after my ten years' stay in the very heavy, oppressive air of Palestine, it proved to be absolutely necessary to travel for a time into another country, for the sake of change of climate. I felt that my health had been seriously affected, and that, without this imperative rest, I would not be able to work any longer. For a long time, circumstances were not favorable to my going abroad. However, almost at the last minute, the Lord so arranged everything that it was possible for me to go to Czechoslovakia."

Government workers in tropical climates are assigned such regular rest periods as these, every few years, in order to escape from the unbearable heat, and to recover from their exhaustion. How richly the Lord's servant deserved his brief furlough! He continues: "I have been here several days. I expect to stay, the Lord permitting, until the beginning of November. I have already had time to wander in the beautiful forests of this country, and my lungs have been filled with the pure, cool air of the woods. It has

DR. JAMES YUK

been ten years since I have seen those woods. You cannot imagine what it means, after a stay of ten years in the oppressive, sub-tropical climate of Palestine, to find one's self again in the cool weather of Europe. It is a kind of medicine which cannot be procured at any chemist's.

"Here in Czechoslovakia I have a number of friends in Christ, whom the Lord gave me while I was a student here. We have met again with great joy and gratitude to God. All of us have lived through many experiences in these past ten years. Dangers threatened both us and them, but the Lord has wonderfully preserved us." He continues with the description of the meetings held, at which he told of his work in Palestine, — continuing his labors even while on vacation. Again, he pictures the needs of his friends in Czechoslovakia, and asks for food and clothing packages for them. The American-European Fellowship has already been able to supply some of these needs.

Our friends may remember that, years ago, it was our wish and prayer that Dr. Yuk might be supplied with a car, which would make his work much easier, and at the same time help him to care for many more patients. A few gifts came in for that purpose, which have been placed in a special fund and held there, but it is not nearly enough. Now, in his letter, he remarks: "I have about come to the conclusion that, for me, the automobile is merely a vain dream, as it would be too expensive to purchase and to maintain. Yet some kind of transportation is absolutely necessary. It is very hard to walk everywhere, in the heat of Palestine, when my strength is failing from overwork. Lately I saw in Tel Aviv a small motorcycle from America, priced at sixty pounds (less than three hundred dollars). Such a motorcycle would be a great help to me. Perhaps the Fellowship may find it possible to send me a part, it may be half, of the purchase price." So far, we have not been able to answer the doctor's request. How much longer must he wait? How much longer can we afford to let him wait, under the conditions he has described?

In another letter, written November 11th, he reports: "On November 7th I returned to Palestine and resumed my work in the clinic. Those two months of my stay in Czechoslovakia were spent in an atmosphere which was tense and nerve-racking, yet blessed. There were many meetings, testimonies, and conversations. There was no rest from the nervous strain, but there was rest from the heat of the climate. For two months I did not have to see that terrible, consuming sun of Palestine. And that was good.

"But now, here I am again in Palestine, and sitting at my writing-table in the clinic. Pray for us, there in America, for without the help of Christ and the prayers of His children we can do nothing." He then pays tribute to his faithful co-worker of many years, Miss Dossik, an experienced and consecrated nurse, who with an assistant had charge of the work in the clinic during his absence. In addition to her labors there, she has given out many tracts in the streets, and has been insulted and even spat

upon by the passers-by. The other nurse, Mrs. Naumenko, has charge of the electric treatments given to the patients; she helps Miss Dossik, and also distributes tracts. Your prayers are asked for these dear and worthy sisters, whom we delight to honor in this anniversary number.

From these fragments of letters, pieced together, the character of the workers, no less than of the work, becomes clear. Now read the special report written by Dr. Yuk for the occasion of the clinic's tenth anniversary:

American-European Fellowship Clinic
20 Carmel Street, Tel Aviv, Palestine

"By His stripes we are healed."

Dear Dr. Smith:

This is a jubilee year for the clinic, which was opened in December, 1937. It was not easy to secure permission for the establishment of this work. The first petition which we laid before the authorities was rejected. A doctor, we were told, must be in Palestine for some years before he could ask for a license. But we prayed, and God intervened. The petition was presented to the High Commissioner in person, and the permission was granted.

Then arose a question how and where to find a suitable place for the clinic. Several important things had to be taken into consideration. No patient from Tel Aviv would come to the clinic if it were located in Jaffa, and we would have no patients from Jaffa if the clinic were situated in Tel Aviv. Furthermore, a Christian clinic, such as ours, would in no way be tolerated in Tel Aviv. We had to look for a "neutral" region. In the long run we found a place between Jaffa and Tel Aviv, on the border of these twin-cities. This region is occupied by a mixed population of Jews and Arabs, and is located in the centre of a market. And from the very beginning we had many patients alike from Jaffa and from Tel Aviv.

At the start of our work we had hardly any furniture, nothing but empty rooms. But as the years passed, the Lord gave us furniture and instruments, and different kinds of apparatus and machines. A few months ago we enlarged the space for electrical treatments, for in the former room there was no place for all the machines, lamps, etc.; so we added another room for this purpose. The clinic now occupies five rooms.

We do not know exactly how many patients the clinic has treated during these ten years of existence, for we began to register the patients, on the recommendation of the Committee of the clinic, only during the last three or four years. But I think it would be no exaggeration to say that we have dealt with about 150,000 to 170,000 cases. Our clinic is known to many: people come not only from Jaffa proper, but also from neighboring villages and even from remote places, as from Gaza and so on.

But we praise the Lord not only for the opportunity to treat such a large number of patients, but especially for the blessed opportunity to bring to these multitudes the good tidings. We do not know how long God will permit us to continue this work. The future is not in our hands, but we pray that the Lord may pour out His sweet blessings on the work for His glory.

We are living here in a difficult time. Antichrist is preparing the ground for his dark coming. We believers must not forget that before Christ's second bodily, visible coming to this land (to the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, Zechariah 14:4), there will be the appearance of Antichrist in this land (he will sit in the Temple in Jerusalem, as a god).

So Christ and Antichrist are preparing the ground for their coming. The powers of hell and the powers of Heaven are fighting here. But Satan is in a hurry, he cannot delay or tarry. For the Lord says: "Surely I come quickly" (Revelation 22:20). Antichrist must act before Christ, the Conqueror, will act. You cannot imagine how hard the spiritual work is here.

Satan is trying to turn every soul that believes in Christ away from the narrow path of salvation. But the Lord has said that men ought always to pray, and not to faint (Luke 18:1). This we are trying to do.

Yours in Him,
JAMES YUK.

You have read of our brother's needs, his hopes and anxieties, his fervent devotion to the work he has served so long and so faithfully. There is much to pray for here. There has been hard fighting in the very region where his clinic is located. To your gifts for the work in Palestine the Lord has attached a special blessing: for we read that they shall prosper that love Jerusalem.

In the Cauldron of Russia

Life of the Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff. Fifth Installment.

The brethren had for some time been urging me to go abroad, to spread information about our work, and obtain help. Also the secret police were seeking me, and it was well for me to go away for a time. Arrangements were made for me to go out secretly by way of Finland. I was in Helsingfors by the middle of February, and navigation from that port would probably be open only at the end of April.

So for ten weeks I was concealed by friends in Finland, at the castle of Baron H., a sincere Christian. I had a small but clean room on the third floor, where I spent my time reading books, studying the English language, and writing poems. I was called downstairs for my meals, which were served very sumptuously. It was impossible for me to leave the castle, even for a short walk, because my presence there was a secret.

Toward the end of April I sailed for Stockholm, where I met many Christian friends, who aided me. I then went to Hamburg, Paris, and London. For one year I was a student at the Baptist College at Bristol. Then I went to London and entered the New Congregational College. I boarded at Hackney Downs. My brother Alexander came from Paris to engage in practical work at the London Hospital, and we were able to stay together. It was a happy time of work and study. I continued my correspondence with the Russian brethren. The publication of our periodical, "Beseda," was transferred to London, and again came into my own hands.

As a Russian refugee, I enjoyed immensely the liberty of the European countries, something entirely lacking in my own country. It was so amazing to find that in England anyone could arrange religious meetings anywhere, without asking permission from the authorities. I was especially impressed by the meetings which were held on the streets by the Salvation Army. I also listened to the various political speakers in Hyde Park.

The longer I stayed abroad, the stronger grew my desire to return to my dear, suffering Russia, in order to devote all my energies to evangelization work. But before going back, I wished to make proper preparation. In order to become better acquainted with German and French schools of theology, I decided to study for half a year at the University of Berlin, and half a year at the University of Paris.

Through letters of introduction I found a room with a Christian family in Germany. I remember one Christmas night when they invited me to their family circle. There was a Christmas tree, much singing, prayer and real joy. It was a rare pleasure thus to be made at home by this German Christian family. Everybody received a Christmas present. The father addressed me in

a few warm words and also gave me a present. This was quite unexpected and produced a strong impression upon me.

I was registered at the Berlin University as a student in the Faculty of Theology. Just at that time — in the autumn of 1896 — Professor Harnack was delivering his lectures on the Substance of Christianity (Das Wesen des Christentums). I also attended his lectures on the Introduction to the New Testament. There were a great many Russian students in the Berlin University at that time.

I wanted to find out what the most rationalistic theologians had to say about the origin of the books of the Bible. I found that they contradicted each other, and therefore did not deserve to be followed. The safest way is to stick to the general data of the Universal Church.

Following my term at Berlin, I went to Paris, attending lectures at the Faculty of Protestant Theology. At first I could not follow the speakers, but I studied the language very diligently. At the end I could speak fairly well and understand when others spoke in German or French.

But again I felt that the time had come for me to return to Russia and resume my work there. Yet my father was in exile, and I myself was under sentence of exile. How could the path be cleared of these difficulties? I prayed, and in the end, God showed me the way.

The more I studied other denominations, the more I became faithful to my own Russian Evangelical conception of Christianity, which I regarded at that time, and still regard, as the form nearest to the primitive Christianity of the Apostles. I realized, however, that the variety of creeds in Protestantism is the result of freedom of conscience, freedom to read the Bible and to make our own interpretation of it, and freedom of personal initiative and religious activity for every man, according to his own views.

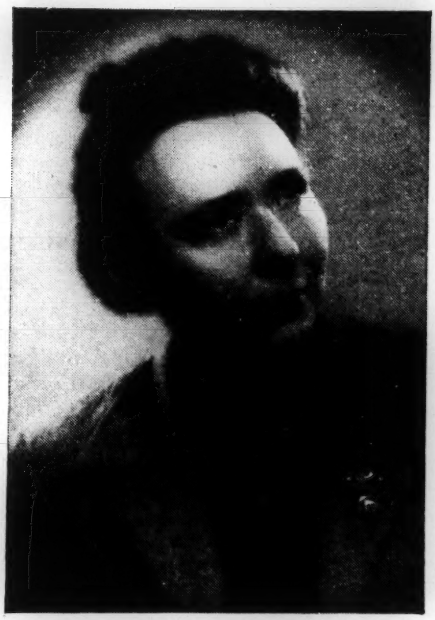
In September, 1898, I received an offer to go to Cyprus as an interpreter for the Dukhobors there, — dissenters who had fled from Russia. I consented to serve in that capacity. With a peasant Dukhobor as my guide, I sailed from Marseilles, enjoying the beauty of the western Mediterranean, and touching at Alexandria and Port Said. We made an excursion to Cairo, and saw the Pyramids and the Sphinx. With a feeling of awe I looked for the first time upon the River Nile and its numerous estuaries.

On arriving at Cyprus I entered upon my new duties. I found the Dukhobors in a very sad condition, as most of them were ill with a strange disease, something like dysentery. This was fatal to many. My duties were to look after the general condition of the Dukhobors, to secure improvements, and to help them with their medicine. I tried to enforce rules of sanitation. But living among them, I myself fell ill of the same disease, and lay alone and unattended. To become ill with a mortally dangerous sickness in a strange land, far away from friends, is a very trying experience. But gradually I began to mend, almost without any help, and at last I recovered. The Dukhobors who remained alive were to be sent to Canada. I declined the invitation to accompany them, and returned to Russia, to resume my work there.

On August 31, 1901, I was married to Anna Ivanovna Kazakova, and we began our life together in St. Petersburg, where I became associated with the Westinghouse Electric Company. I had asked God to give me not a rich or a handsome wife, but one who would be a true helpmeet in my work. My wife possessed an angelic character; she was beautiful, well educated, could speak English, French and German, and was a talented musician. She was a precious gift of God to me.

(*To be continued*)

The Secretary-Treasurer



DR. CATHERINE RUTH SMITH

In answer to numerous requests, we are printing a photograph of the Secretary-Treasurer of the American-European Fellowship and Editor of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith. She assumed office in November, 1946, following the homegoing of her father, Rev. Norman J. Smith.

Born in Philadelphia, she studied privately up to the age of fifteen, inspired by the guidance of her mother and by her own love for reading. She then took a three-year course at the Biblical Seminary in New York, which was headed by Dr. Wilbert W. White as President and Dr. John A. Wood as Dean. Then she went to New York University, from which institution she received the degrees of B.A. in Ed., M.A., and, at the age of twenty-five, Ph.D.

On completion of her work for the master's degree, she became an instructor at the University, teaching successively Latin and Greek, then History of Education, and for the past five years, Russian, a language with which she has been familiar since childhood. She has also studied French, German, Italian, Spanish and Hebrew.

During the second World War, she was in charge of the Russian language work done at New York University under the Army Specialist Training Program, instructing ninety soldiers daily in Russian grammar. She has written in various fields and translated much Russian literature, including a number of hymns written by the late Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff. Many of the missionary letters appearing in THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD have been translated by her out of the original languages.

The work of the American-European Fellowship, which is constantly increasing in its scope, involves editing the magazine, handling a voluminous correspondence, sending relief abroad, mailing literature to our friends here at home, bookkeeping, and many other tasks. Your prayers are requested.

A Christmas Greeting

Paris, December 1, 1947.

Dear praying friends and fellow-workers:—

This is a loving greeting in His Name, with hearty wishes to you for the approaching Christmas. In the next number of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD I hope to give you a detailed account of His wondrous working, leading, providing, and protecting hand. It is all in answer to the prayers of many — so praise Him, praise Him.

We have had great blessings in Switzerland, in Sweden and Denmark, and the doors are wide open here. The ministry is precious, and your spiritual fellowship is beyond price. Yours for Christ,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

A Missionary's Summer Vacation

Sofia, Bulgaria, October 7, 1947.

My dear friends:—

I am writing these lines in order to share with you some of the great things that the Lord has done this past summer in Bulgaria.

At the end of the school year, the children of our Sunday School gave a wonderful entertainment. Dressed in gaily colored costumes, they presented two pageants, one of which dealt with the life of the boy David. The children were so sweet that one could only praise the Lord for their love, enthusiasm and zeal. The second pageant was the story of Ruth, given by the junior high school boys and girls.

But it seemed that the best moment of that day came when the entire Sunday School, including the teachers and superintendent, gathered before the pulpit, around the young minister, for prayer and benediction. The picture was very impressive.

The beautiful summer was approaching. My loved ones needed a good vacation, but we had not the necessary means. My husband, being a state official, had been discharged from his position, just because he had given several people some Scripture portions, and had sent in eighty subscriptions for our weekly Christian paper, "Gornitsa." It is true that we have religious freedom, but there are many people in Bulgaria today who have no love for the children of God.

One day, while I was working in my office, a young lady of my own Sunday School class came in. I was glad to see her, and we began to talk. Soon she said: "Do you know, Mrs. Nikoff, I have come to invite you to spend forty days during the summer at my home, in my native town of Troian. We have a beautiful house, and there you will have a nice vacation. You are not going to pay any rent — you will only have to take care of your food." I heartily thanked her. She went out, and when my husband came home I told him. How happy we were that moment! God most wonderfully answered our prayers.

Troian is a little town situated on both banks of the river Osem. It is surrounded by the great Balkan Mountains, which divide Bulgaria into two parts, North and South Bulgaria. Only a few minutes' walk, outside of the town, will bring you to the beautiful woods, and to mountain-climbing. The view is wonderful, the air fresh, and the sunshine lovely. The house in which we lived was only one story high, and had a beautiful garden full of flowers, green plants, and shade-trees. It was the most peaceful spot in town. Here our tired bodies were refreshed, and we felt the presence of the God of Nature. We had a great desire to go and preach the Gospel to the mountain people, who had never heard the story of salvation.

On the first Sunday we got up early in the morning. The sun had just spread its golden rays over the earth. Our little son was riding on a small donkey, and my husband and myself were walking barefoot, in order to save our shoes. So we climbed the high mountain, little by little. The road was very steep, and the heat terrible, but the view was magnificent. On the way we met many travellers, to whom we gave Scripture portions, and we had conversations with them about religion. The people were very grateful, and they asked many questions. Some of the most interesting conversations were with the many shepherds who were keeping their flocks. To them we spoke about the great Good Shepherd of our and their souls. They were glad to take copies of the Gospel of John, to read, that their eyes might be opened.

Thus we travelled about four hours, and at last we reached our destination. The only Christian Protestant family in this district was about to conduct the morning church service. We had not known each other before, but when we told them why we had come, they were happy and began to praise God. Because of the heat, the service was held outdoors, under the shade of a large tree. We had to wait a little, for two other Christian families to come, who were descending the mountain. It took them hours to come down, and after the service they had to climb up again. But their zeal and love for Christ is so strong that, they told me, they are always at the service on time, winter or summer. What a lesson for us! Although we have all the up-to-date transportation, yet we prefer to stay at home, rather than to go to church and worship God. I am sorry that I am not an artist, to paint the picture of that scene, and their long descent from the mountain.

I went several times to visit these families in their homes. On one occasion I found a room full of people, to whom I preached the Gospel of Christ. Pray for these dear ones, so poor, but rich with spiritual blessings.

Another place which we had the privilege of visiting was the Troian Monastery, situated not very far from the town where we were staying. The monastery is an immense, square building, having about fifty rooms, long corridors, a museum, several kitchens, apartments for the priest, and so on. It is surrounded by a large yard, with two strong gates in the wall. In the centre of the square formed by this building, there stands an old Greek Orthodox Church, with most beautiful painted walls, with secret pictures, and many ikons, golden candlesticks, and censers. We arrived too late for the morning service, but we entered the church and made our own meditation, as we know how to do it. The church was empty, but one of the priests was there, and we had a wonderful conversation with him. He had no clear vision of the salvation which we have in the Lord Jesus Christ. We rested a little beside the still waters of the river near the monastery, and started back home, as the way is long and tiresome.

On the way we saw a large group of children, who were listening to the glad song of a hundred-year-old grandmother. After the song I had an opportunity to speak to the children about spiritual things, and to tell them a story. I gave them the Gospel of John. The children went home happy, carrying the precious book in their small hands. They invited us to come again and tell them more about Jesus and His life on earth. May God bless these children, that they may grow into the image of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In one of the villages we saw several women sitting under a tree, so we stopped to rest, and preached the Gospel to them. They had been speaking of the approaching famine, and we turned their thoughts to the famine for the bread of life. We read a chapter of Matthew, and knelt down to pray. We had a most blessed meeting, and I cannot say how long we stayed with them. We reached home very late, tired but happy.

In another village near Troian, where living conditions are very hard and the women work like slaves, we lived for twenty days among the poor people, and I cooked for the whole big family, on a most primitive fireplace. The smoke was terrible, but the joy in helping these poor people made me strong and happy. By working with them I was enabled to open their minds to receive the Word of Life. We had daily devotions, and when we had to leave the village, the people were all crying. May God bless all our efforts for His glory.

PAULINA NIKOFF.

The Struggle in Czechoslovakia

Znojmo, Czechoslovakia, December, 1947.

Dear Prayer-helpers:—

Comparing the translations of the Word in various languages, one observes some fine distinctions, which help to bring out the true meaning. Thus the word "fruit" in Romans 6.21, in the Czech language, is rendered as "benefit." It is a fine distinction, making it more personal, for there may be fruits, yet no benefit therefrom.

We see illustrations of this continually, in various ways. Take Mr. J., the husband of a very godly sister in the Lord. He is on the verge of conversion, and many times he has prayed: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." What hinders him, is the looking on the temporal fruits, instead of the eternal benefit.

Last night we had a visit from a high police officer, conducting one of the unending investigations. He was very polite, and of course we would not let him go without a testimony, though he claimed to be an infidel. This man proved to be well versed in the various points of controversy, but stressed especially the impossibility of God's creating man in order to condemn him forever. He was surprised to find in the Word answers to his "unanswerable" questions. We had a fine conversation, lasting for an hour, and when he left, he took some reading matter with him.

Our friend, the nurse, has fine opportunity to witness to her patients. One old lady, almost deaf and blind, exclaimed: "Where is that nurse who teaches us to pray in a new way?" These opportunities have led the nurse to consider the doctor's invitation to become the permanent nurse in that department, on completion of her course. We would love to see her devote her whole life to the service of the Lord, but there are difficulties — her husband is in one of the Western camps for prisoners of war, and naturally she looks forward to a reunion with him at some time. She needs your prayers.

Mrs. M. is also very active in witnessing on the way to the meetings, which she does not miss under circumstances that would stop most healthy people, while she is suffering also. She averages thirty to forty persons spoken to, not only given tracts, and is unhappy if her average is low. Since we were enabled to use the duplicator, various messages have been put out, the message on the full assurance of salvation, by Dr. Ironside, being a recent one, and it has been much appreciated. We just had a request from a distant town for seventy copies of this message, and from the opposite direction another wished that it might be printed for general distribution.

It takes quite a bit of writing to re-establish old contacts, as far as still existing. That increases the scope of our tract dissemination, as far as we can supply literature in the native tongue. We have also found a way to send packages of tracts to the American Zone in Germany, and to Austria. This results in interesting communications, which show that the effort is not in vain.

Of course, there is the continual round of witnessing, which it would take too long to describe. Mostly it exposes the wilful ignorance of the people, thinking they can hide before God with their imaginary excuses.

Just a bit about the results of the drought which has struck us. All summer and fall it did not rain to speak of, and the danger is that even the wells will go dry next spring. Potatoes are rationed, and everything else is in proportion, no milk, no butter, all things reduced in quantity. Pray for us, please.

In the Lord's service, yours,

CHARLES AND EDNA LUKESH.

A Missionary Journey in Uruguay

In addition to our religious work among the Slavonic population of a vast territory, including the capital, Buenos Aires, Berisso, and La Plata, we are obliged from time to time to take missionary journeys through the provinces of the great republic of Argentina, and also in the other republics of Uruguay and Paraguay. In these three republics, everywhere in the cities and provinces, in the factories and fields, there are a great many Slavonic people. By God's help we are trying to reach them in every way possible, by personal witnessing, through distribution of the Scriptures, tracts, and religious literature. With the help of God and of our good friends, we have been able to print and distribute a considerable number of tracts.

Now I wish to describe our most recent journey to the republic of Uruguay. I have visited this country several times before. This time I did not travel by steamer, but by train, which is much harder. One must sit for days and nights together on the hard wooden seats. Sometimes the train is so full of passengers that one cannot even lie down for a little while. There was some difficulty and delay in passing the frontier. But the customs official kindly explained everything to us.

We crossed a river by boat, and found ourselves in the city of Salto, Uruguay. Some of the brethren there had been awaiting us since morning. Agriculture there is beset with difficulties, and the people are very poor. When we were visiting the various houses, we saw sick children in almost every home. This was in the spring, when the cold winds blow, and the whole place is exposed, there are no woods. Yet the brethren have not lost their courage, and, hoping in God, look for better times. In the very middle of the town, the best spot in their colony, they have set apart a large plot of ground, and have begun to build a large and handsome brick church. Beside it they propose to erect a public school. The Ministry of Education in Uruguay is favorably disposed to this project, and has promised to furnish the necessary aid.

We passed a whole week there, holding meetings in the evenings, and visiting the homes during the daytime. Travelling sometimes on foot, sometimes in a cart, over the vast prairies, we prayed the Lord to preserve us from taking cold, and He did marvellously preserve us at all times.

We visited many other towns and villages. In the home of a devoted brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Skalkovich, we had the opportunity to rest and refresh ourselves. In the evening they took us to visit their nearest neighbors, that we might become acquainted, and witness to them of Christ. They received us hospitably, and, according to the local custom, began to treat us to *mate*, a drink which takes the place of tea. When this is served, there is always a good opportunity for talk. There was a large family circle, and they listened attentively. We talked, read the Word of God, spoke of the sinful condition of man, of the salvation that is in Christ. On leaving, we always make a prayer, asking for a blessing on the house, and that the Lord may save those who live therein. The hosts are usually grateful for the visit, and urge us to come again. We made many of these visitations.

In one of the houses, the head of the family is blind. When we arrived, he was working with his wife in the yard. On hearing that we had come to visit his house and to have a talk with him, he at once ordered that the work should be stopped, and that everyone should go into the house. He became blind some years ago, because of illness, but he does not complain, saying that this was the will of God for him. He asked a great many questions

about the Word of God, wishing to know the correct answers. He and his family listened with interest. Before leaving, we prayed. After our prayer, the master suddenly began to pray too, sincerely and touchingly, confessing his sins to God, asking for mercy, and thanking Him for His messengers, who had not passed by his house.

In another home we found a young couple, unbelievers, and their little boy. They were attentive and well-disposed to hear the truth. Then we knelt in prayer, and the young wife cried aloud to God for mercy upon herself, her husband, and the child. It was a joyful occasion. When we sought to go, they insisted on our remaining to have dinner with them. Such experiences awaited us almost everywhere. After passing a whole week in this way, we invited everyone to a meeting on Sunday. The house was filled with people, and many were standing at the doors, and in the yard, listening most attentively.

On another Sunday, we had a meeting in another house. There were a great many people, but Satan was jealous of our efforts and sought to hinder us, through some hostile persons in the crowd. But at the end of our meeting we gave the invitation, and seven people dedicated themselves to the Lord. Some of them have already expressed a wish to be baptized.

I now turned homeward. My shoes had fallen to pieces from much walking through the fields, so that I had to leave them, and come home wearing my house-slippers. I came back tired out physically, but with my heart full of gratitude to God for the opportunities which He had given me to preach the Word. May He bless all that we have sown in weakness, and may it be raised in power, to the glory of His Name!

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

The Power of the Gospel in Germany

The power of the Gospel has been manifested in a wonderful way, following the breakdown of the third German Reich. Before the war, it was almost impossible to preach the Gospel in Protestant-Lutheran and Protestant-Reformist churches. At the present time we are permitted, and even requested by many clergymen, to come and preach the Gospel in their churches. In the year 1946, for instance, I spent 245 days in service and travel.

I can mention only a few of the wonderful experiences. At Rheinhausen in the Rheinland, I was allowed to preach the Gospel in the beautiful Christus-Kirche for a whole week, and at the end of the Gospel-week there were twenty-nine new converts who wanted to be baptized, and I gladly complied with their wish. At Heeren, in Westphalia, we assembled for a week in a spacious furniture-depot. The furniture was moved away for this occasion, and also here souls found peace. At Mettmann in the Rheinland, our closing assembly was attended by about twelve hundred persons.

Among the Slavonic displaced persons, I have been able to do a great deal of Gospel work. I have preached among the Mennonite Brethren near Paderborn, former great landed proprietors and business men, now working as servants. Here thirty-six dear souls found the living God in Christ Jesus as their personal Saviour. I have written before of the Gospel-week at Lemgo in Lippe, which was the climax of the year's work.

Our young people are awakening for the Lord, and experiencing the power of the Gospel in their meetings. It is easy to gather hundreds of them together, and preach the Word to them. They are earnest in prayer and testimony, and are practising their Christianity in daily life. Brethren, pray for us and with us! In brotherly love and alliance,

Yours in Him,

BERNHARD GOETZE.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS--OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1947

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

31787----$5.00	31819---$13.00	31851----$1.00	31883---$10.00
31788----50.00	31820-----2.00	31852----30.00	31884-----5.00
31789----18.00	31821-----5.00	31853-----2.00	31885----32.00
31790----25.00	31822----10.00	31854----50.00	31886----20.00
31791----25.00	31823-----7.50	31855-----8.00	31887-----1.00
31792-----1.00	31824----60.00	31856----20.00	31888----20.00
31793----10.00	31825-----1.00	31857----10.00	31889----51.00
31794----30.00	31826----25.00	31858----10.00	31890----15.00
31795----10.00	31827----25.00	31859-----5.00	31891---100.00
31796----33.75	31828----25.00	31860----10.00	31892-----1.00
31797-----5.00	31829-----5.00	31861-----2.00	31893-----5.00
31798----35.00	31830-----1.00	31862-----8.00	31894-----1.00
31799----15.00	31831----30.00	31863-----2.00	31895----10.00
31800---100.00	31832---100.00	31864----15.00	31896-----5.00
31801-----2.00	31833-----2.00	31865----50.00	31897----10.00
31802----75.00	31834----15.00	31866-----5.00	31898-----5.00
31803----10.00	31835-----1.00	31867----18.00	31899-----9.33
31804-----1.00	31836-----5.00	31868-----5.00	31900-----5.00
31805----10.00	31837-----1.00	31869----10.00	31901----25.00
31806-----8.00	31838-----2.00	31870-----5.00	31902----15.00
31807----75.00	31839-----1.00	31871-----8.00	31903-----5.00
31808----50.00	31840----35.00	31872---110.00	31904----75.00
31809----15.00	31841----50.00	31873----10.00	31905----25.00
31810----50.00	31842----25.00	31874-----1.00	31906-----5.00
31811----10.00	31843-----1.00	31875----89.37	31907----11.00
31812--1013.18	31844----10.00	31876----20.00	31908-----5.00
31813----10.00	31845-----2.00	31877-----7.00	31909----35.00
31814----20.00	31846----30.00	31878-----2.00	31910-----5.00
31815-----5.00	31847----15.00	31879----11.00	31911-----5.00
31816----10.00	31848-----5.00	31880----10.00	31912-----2.00
31817-----2.00	31849---100.00	31881----10.00	31913-----1.00
31818----10.00	31850---129.23	31882----18.00	

They Need Clothing!

Winter again lays its icy hand on Europe. Countless thousands of men and women are shivering in unheated rooms, scantily clothed and inadequately fed. Some of these are Christian brothers and sisters, to whom the Lord is as dear as He is to us. Others are unbelievers, whose hearts may have been touched by suffering, who may be ready to hear the Gospel. But how can we approach them with the Bread of Life, unless at the same time we bring them the material bread and clothing which they so sorely need?

Will you help us to save their bodies and their souls? Gifts of used clothing, canned goods, any useful articles that will pack well, may be sent to the American-European Fellowship, Rev. Charles Cline, 168 William Street, New York 7, N. Y.